

GOOD NEWS FOR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS THIS MORNING

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

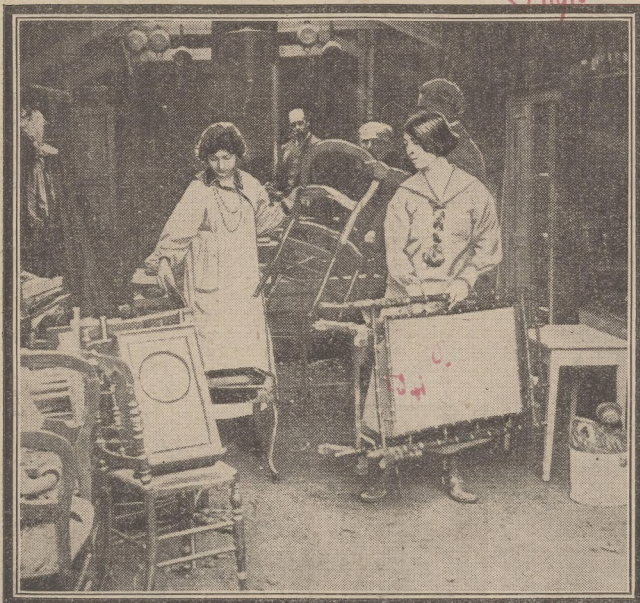
No. 4,131.

Registered at the G.P.O.
as a Newspaper.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 19, 1917

One Halfpenny.

HOMES FOR FRENCH REFUGEES AFTER THE WAR.



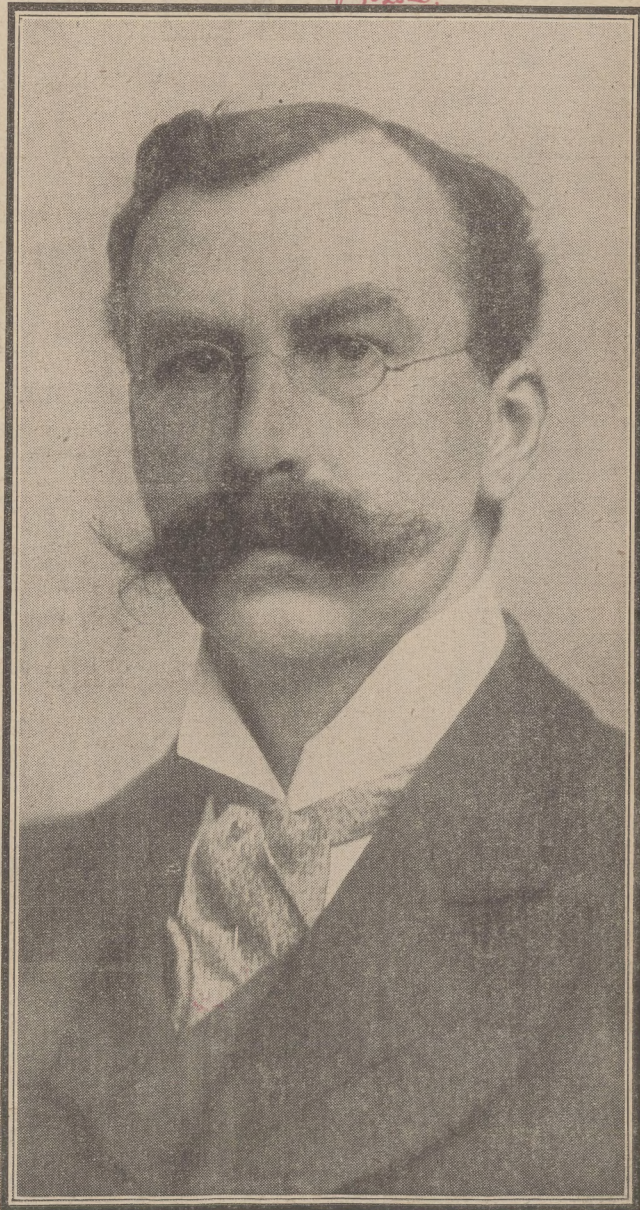
Girl volunteers at work among the "old sticks." Two Englishmen are helping them.



Unpacking furniture after a "rake round." Volunteers fetch it to the depot.

Mlle. Hickel and her friends are undertaking a novel form of war work at Versailles. Foreseeing that at the end of the war many refugees from the invaded provinces of France would be without a home of any sort, they are collecting and renovating old furniture, which they have obtained without cost. Soldiers who were joiners and carpenters before the war give them expert advice.—(Exclusive to *The Daily Mirror*.)

SIR T. COOK'S CHARGES AGAINST GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS.



Sir Theodore Cook, editor of the *Field*, who, in a long letter published in *The Times* yesterday morning, explains the raid made on his private room at the offices of the former newspaper. In his letter Sir Theodore charges the Government with attempting in various ways to smother a new invention which they had refused. This invention was, he says, an explosive discovered by a neutral. It was tested by France and "proved to be of the highest practical value." He claims that certain permanent officials of the Government not only rejected the invention on behalf of this country, but declined to safeguard the patent specification, and refused the syndicate all permits for their officials to travel to France, whither they had decided to remove all their machinery. The culminating point came with the raid on Sir Theodore Cook's private office.—(Elliott and Fry.)

SERVICES NOT TO PAY HIGHER FARES.

Good News for Soldiers and Sailors To-day.

NEW PAY FOR CHILDREN.

Soldiers and sailors are, very properly, in luck's way; the 50 per cent. increase on railway fares is not to apply to officers and men with concession forms.

The official order respecting this was issued last night as follows:—

With reference to the recent increase in railway fares, the secretary of the War Office announces that officers and other ranks who are in possession of the military concession Army forms W. 3504 or O. 1800 will from January 19 be charged only at the rate in operation prior to January 1, 1917.

According to the Press Association the order will also apply to all branches of the Navy, as well as nurses and French and Belgian soldiers. Moreover, the Press Bureau announced officially last night that:—

In view of the prevailing high prices of the necessities of life, it has been decided to make certain increases in the rates of separation allowance payable for the children of sailors and soldiers.

So that "Tommy" and "Jack" have two pieces of good news to-day.

EXTRA TWO SHILLINGS.

Soldiers' Fares.—The Daily Mirror had learned yesterday that the fares concession was to be made to soldiers. Mr. James O'Grady, M.P., one of the first public men to take an active interest in this vital home problem, wrote to Lord Derby, asking him for a declaration of Government policy on this matter.

Yesterday a letter was received by Mr. O'Grady from Lord Derby, in which his lordship says: "I have already taken up this matter and instructions are going to be given that railway fares to officers and men with concession forms will remain as before the increase took place."

By this decision the hearts of soldiers and sailors, and especially those of mothers, wives and sweethearts have been gladdened. Those

NEW ALLOWANCES FOR SOLDIERS.

A comparison of the old and new scale of allowances for soldiers' children is as follows:—

Number of Children.	Old.	New.
1	5s. 0d.	7s. 0d.
2	8s. 6d.	10s. 0d.
3	10s. 6d.	12s. 6d.
4	12s. 6d.	15s. 0d.
5	14s. 6d.	17s. 6d.
6	16s. 6d.	20s. 0d.
7	18s. 6d.	22s. 6d.

whose means were slender feared that the extra cost of leave travelling for their dear ones in training at home or at the front would mean either great financial hardship or not seeing them.

Allowances for Children.—With regard to official statements regarding increased allowances for soldiers and sailors' children up to the age of fourteen, it is set out that for the lowest ranks in the Navy and Army (seaman and private) the additions to existing allowances will be:—

Where there is a wife drawing separation allowance, 2s. a week for the first child, 1s. 6d. each for the second and third, and 1s. for the fourth and each succeeding child.

NEW RATES NOW IN FORCE.

For children of sailors and soldiers of all ranks entitled to the motherless rate of allowances the addition will be:—

For any child living singly, 2s., and where two or more children of the same family live together, 2s. to the first and 1s. to each other child.

The new rates will take effect from the first day after the date of the decision of the Government; that is, for the Navy, January 18; for the Army, January 15.

MEALS THAT ARE CHEAP.

Ministry of Food Preparing List of Inexpensive Dishes.

With the object of promoting economy in the home, the Meals Department at Grosvenor House (which has been taken over by the Ministry of Food) is preparing a series of inexpensive meals.

Here is a recipe issued yesterday for savoury haricot beans:—

Soak one pint of beans, with a pinch of bicarbonate of soda, all night. Drain off and put with two ounces of margarine in a saucepan. When thoroughly hot, cover with cold water, cook slowly and remove all scum.

Fry three ounces of bacon, cut small, with two shredded onions, for a few minutes. Add them to the beans, season them with salt and pepper and cook them until soft.

Lord Devonport, the Food Controller, is engaged in daily conferences at Grosvenor House.

'MONSTROUS CHARGE.'

Sir John Jackson on the 'Wretched Committee' on Accounts.

NOT HARD UP FOR £500,000.

"I am not hard up for £100,000 or half a million." Thus declared Sir John Jackson yesterday in denying what he termed was a monstrous allegation regarding a £3,000,000 contract for the building of Army huts carried out by his firm.

He was giving evidence before the Commission inquiring into his dealings with the War Office. The Commission was asked for by Sir John as a result of the criticisms of the House of Commons Committee on Public Accounts.

The Attorney-General (Sir Frederick Smith), cross-examining Sir John, asked:—

"What is your total net profits on the contracts? The 1½ per cent. payment would amount to £50,000 and the 5 per cent. to £170,000, so that your total profit amounted to £220,000?—Yes."

The Attorney-General: The House of Commons is hardly an outside person, and the Committee appointed by it has made certain allegations, and I invite you to disabuse them.

Sir John Jackson (with great warmth): "What I want to let the public know is that I utterly deny the wretched suggestion made by this wretched Committee that I endeavoured to play such a miserable trick as to endeavour to get on the ground, and, being there, to use my position to endeavour to dictate terms to the War Office. It is not as if you or my firm was in want of money. In view of the patriotic work we have carried out the allegation is monstrous."

"Sir John went on with increasing emphasis: "It was not worth it. I am not hard up for £100,000, or for half a million. It is of no consequence, but it is of consequence after my forty years of work—I venture to suggest without a stain—that it should be said that I played a miserable trick like this."

HOUSEWIVES REVOLT.

How Women Forced Down Potato Prices—Songs of Triumph.

Exciting scenes were witnessed at Whitehaven yesterday, when housewives invaded the potato market and compelled the farmers to sell potatoes at 1s. per stone.

There were only a few cartloads in the market, but the women celebrated their victory by singing patriotic songs.

Ormskirke farmers yesterday refused to sell potatoes at the Food Controller's reported price of 8s. per ton.

BURDENED DUKE.

Compelled by Heavy Taxes to Sell 7,500-Acre Estate.

"The prospect of severance from the property and the old associations which have become so dear to me is a bitter one," wrote the Duke of Sutherland to his tenants, announcing that he is compelled, by the heavy burden of death duties and taxes, to sell his Shetshire seat, Lilleshall, an estate of about 7,500 acres.

LINKS OF EMPIRE.

The Prince of Wales and the Common Sacrifices of War.

"Speaking as a soldier, I should like to say how close is the feeling of sympathy which exists between the men at the front and the people at home in regard to this work."

The speaker was his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. The speech was presiding over the meeting of the committee which has for its object the care of soldiers' graves, and among those present were representatives from all parts of the Empire.

Over sixty of the 400 "burial grounds," said the Prince, "have already been laid out and planted under the advice of the director of the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew, and I have seen how beautiful these cemeteries look when the flowers are out. I am glad to say that the experience gained in France and Belgium has now been applied to the other theatres of war."

The Prince, in conclusion, said: "As the Army in the field is now an Imperial Army, so this committee should be Imperial. Committee, entrusted by the Empire with the task of fittingly and enduringly commemorating the common sacrifice of the best blood of a generation—a sacrifice which forms one of the most sacred links of Empire."



The Prince of Wales.

DEAD MAN'S SAFE.

Aldershot Mystery Story of Lieutenant's Anxiety Over Funds.

ACCUSED SERGEANT'S LETTERS.

Sergeant Leo G. O'Donnell, of the R.A.M.C., who is accused of murdering Lieutenant Waterton, R.A.M.C., his sweetheart's father, at Aldershot, reserved his defence at the resumed hearing of the charge yesterday, and was committed for trial.

The body of Lieutenant Waterton, whose head had been battered in, was found in a trench at the camp. In the locality a hand brush, which had apparently been loaded with lead, was discovered.

Private Hisslop, R.A.M.C., telephone operator at the Isolation Hospital, said he saw prisoner try Lieutenant Waterton's door about midnight on January 1. Prisoner, who remained in the room about three-quarters of an hour, said he had some work to do for Mr. Waterton, and asked for the key of the office was kept there.

Witness said it was, but when he went to look for it he found it was not in its usual place.

Q.M.S. Willis, R.A.M.C., said the safe in Lieutenant Waterton's office was kept locked, and Lieutenant Waterton carried the key.

The key of the safe, in which there were several hundred pounds, was missing on January 2.

Miss Waterton (recalled) said her father had at times spoken in the presence of prisoner of the large amount of money the Canadian patients had brought into the hospital and said he would try and get it stopped owing to the great responsibility in keeping it in his safe.

A road-sweeper said he found the key outside the police station. A constable said O'Donnell had written letters to Miss Waterton from the cells.

LORD ELGIN DEAD.

Descendant of Robert Bruce—Honoured by Queen Victoria.

The Earl of Elgin died at his family seat at Broomhall, Dunfermline, yesterday, after some months' illness.

Born in Montreal in 1849, he succeeded to the earldom in 1863, being the ninth of his line to hold it. He is also the thirteenth Earl of Kincardine.

He was a descendant of Lord Bruce of Kinross and Lord Bruce of Torry, being a lineal descendant of Robert Bruce.

He occupied Ministerial offices in Liberal Governments, including the Colonial Secretaryship, which he held from 1895 to 1908, and was Viceroy of India from 1894 to 1899.

On his return from India Queen Victoria bestowed the Order of the Garter upon him.

This being one of the last honours conferred by the late Sovereign.

He married for the second time at the age of sixty-five.

HELP THE FIGHTING MEN.

Scheme to Keep Soldiers' Shops Open Till Owners Return.

"The proprietor of this establishment is on active service. Customers are earnestly requested to continue their patronage until his return."

This notice, which is posted in the windows of many Hammersmith shops, is part of the Business Men's Association's scheme to assist shops and businesses to keep open when the proprietor has been called up.

WAR GARDENS.

Vegetables To Be Grown This Year Instead of Flowers.

Potatoes instead of roses, cabbages in place of chrysanthemums and turnips for pansies—that is the aim to-day of tens of thousands of amateur gardeners.

"Everybody with the tiniest plot of land seems to be turning vegetable grower," the manager of a well-known seed firm told The Daily Mirror yesterday.

"Eighty per cent. of flower gardens are going to be transformed into vegetable gardens this year."

NEVER TASTED MEDICINE.

Death of Welsh Centenarian Who Had No Need for Physic.

"She had never worn spectacles or tasted doctors' medicine."

This was said of Mrs. Mary Turner, a widow of Northop, Flintshire, who celebrated her one hundred and first birthday last Christmas Day, and who died yesterday. She left one daughter, three grandchildren, and sixty great grandchildren.

"WOMEN MUST URGE MEN TO SAVE."

Mr. Bonar Law's Victory Loan Appeal.

NO NEED FOR COMPULSION.

A striking appeal to women was made by Mr. Bonar Law, who addressed a large Victory Loan demonstration last night in the St. Andrew's Hall, Glasgow.

"We all know," he said, "what the women have done and how they came forward when munitions were needed to save the lives of our soldiers."

"They have done something harder than that. They did not urge the men to hold back when the cry of their country came to them."

"They urged their husbands, their brothers and their lovers to go forward and give up their lives if necessary in the service of their country."

"I ask the women to show the same spirit now, not merely in the cases where they have savings of their own, but to use their influence to get the men to save something to give to the State in their hour of need."

CAUSE OF HIGH PRICES.

In his belief the high prices from which the very poor classes so largely suffered came not so much from the scarcity of commodities as from the freedom with which those who had good wages were spending the money they received. He appealed to that class to respond.

He could ask nothing better than that all classes would give the same response in regard to money which they had already given in regard to something more precious than money—that was men.

Referring to his Guildhall speech, in which he indicated the possibility of other ways of obtaining money, Mr. Bonar Law said "it must be evident to anyone that if the State is prepared to call upon citizens to risk their lives, it would not hesitate to make any other call. He was sure it would never be necessary to take such steps."

He believed in voluntary methods, and he was sure in that case they would succeed.

"HUNDREDS ARE WANTED."

The necessity for any other method would be bad for the country and would be worst of all for those who had money and did not give it freely in the service of the State.

He did not believe for a moment that any such steps would be necessary, and he need not say that if they were, in considering the amount of the levy to be made upon individuals or institutions, account would be taken of the contributions which they had already made voluntarily.

He asked them not to run away with the idea that the loan was so great a success that nothing more was necessary, and he pointed out that it was not the millions, but the hundreds from the people of this country that would ensure the success of the loan.

SIR G. CAVE ON VICTORY.

Addressing a crowded meeting in the Middlesbrough Town Hall, last night, the Home Secretary, Sir George Cave, said he believed the whole country had made up its mind that this war was a German war, carried on by German efforts; that they knew it had German aims and that they had resolved that, in the interests of our country, of our Allies and for the sake of those gallant men who had gone, that they would see this struggle through to the end.

With regard to money, by supporting the War Loan they were putting by money for the future with high interest, and already provision for themselves and their families. It had been rightly called, "The Way-to-Victory Loan."

£50,000,000 U.S. LOAN.

The formal announcement was made last evening of a £50,000,000 British loan in the United States, of which half will mature on February 1, 1918, and the rest a year later.

The loan (says the Centre News) will bear interest at the rate of 5½ per cent., secured on high-grade collateral stock.

It will be convertible at the option of holders into Five and a Half per Cent. bonds, maturing in twenty years.

An Indian loan is also to be raised. Among the latest subscribers to the loan are the following:—

Metropolitan Carriage, Wagon and Finance Company (new money)	£1,000,000
Scottish Life Assurance (£250,000 new money)	530,000
John Lyssaght, Ltd., Bristol	500,000
Mr. Harry Lauder, the Scottish comedian	50,000

To assist generally in the new loan and as a mark of the satisfactory condition of the money market, the directors of the Bank of England yesterday reduced their rate of discount from 6 to 5½ per cent.

WHERE BUTTER IS DEAR.

Price Fixed in Hungary at 8s. 9d. per Pound.

BERNE, Thursday.—The Hungarian Food Controller has fixed the price of butter at 8s. 9d. per lb. for Hungary.—Wireless Press.

IS GERMAN PLANNING INVASION OF SWITZERLAND?

Menace of Great Enemy Forces Concentrated Near Basle—Paris Alarm.

MORE BRITISH PROGRESS NEAR BEAUCOURT.

Berlin Admits Loss Near Serre—Two German Raiders Now?—Greece Releases Venizelists.

The chief features of yesterday's news were:—

SWITZERLAND.—Swiss newspapers continue to report the concentration of great German forces near Basle. The Swiss General Staff believes that an invasion is contemplated by Germany.

WESTERN FRONT.—Sir Douglas Haig reports further progress north of Beaucourt. Berlin admits the evacuation of a position near Serre.

RUMANIA.—South-west of Praela the Rumanians surrounded a height occupied by the enemy and took a great number of prisoners.

TWO RAIDERS AT SEA?—A Berlin message stated that a submarine has returned from an enterprise during which it sank sixteen ships, of a total tonnage of 26,000. The German Atlantic raider which sank ten Allied ships is believed to be of the Moewe type. It is thought that possibly she has converted one of the captured ships into a second commerce raider.

GERMAN TROOPS MASSING ON SWISS FRONT.

Does Foe Contemplate Great Effort to Free Alsace from French?

GENEVA, Thursday.—The Swiss newspapers state that vast masses of German troops continue concentrating near Basle.

The Swiss General Staff expresses the conviction that the invasion of Switzerland is contemplated, and the belief is widespread that the Germans contemplate making a tremendous effort to free Alsace from the French invader.—Exchange.

"THIS CRY OF ALARM."

Mr. Lloyd George, writing in the *Echo de Paris* yesterday, revives the suggestion that Germany may invade Switzerland. He says:—

"On the day following the appointment of General Nivelle as Chief of the French Armies I wrote: 'Our new commander is well informed

UNITED WITH RUSSIA FOR VICTORY.

Mr. Lloyd George, in answer to a telegram from Prince Galitzine, the new Russian Premier, assuring him of the loyal co-operation of Russia in winning the war, sent the following reply:—

I beg to express to your Excellency my grateful thanks for the telegram which you have sent me, and to assure you that I also will do all in my power to continue and strengthen that close co-operation between our two countries and our other Allies which will result in the triumph of the cause of freedom and justice.

of the enemy's intentions. He will know how safeguard our country at every part of the front and on any frontier. The frontier of Switzerland ought especially to awaken our attention."

"I am at liberty to say to-day that I have been induced to utter this cry of alarm by the news of the concentration of large German forces north of the Rhine, notably in the Constance region."

It is a concentration which synchronised with the failure of the German peace manoeuvres."

10 OUT OF 1,500 SOLDIERS KILLED IN TRAIN SMASH.

Broken Coupling That Caused Disaster to British Troop Convoy.

Latest details of the British troop train disaster twenty miles from Paris show, according to the Exchange, that there were 1,300 rank and file and 210 officers, including forty colonels, on board.

Ten men were killed and thirty-two injured, ten coaches being partly telescoped or stove in. Half a mile from Massy-Palaiseau Station, at a point where the line passes over a rise in the ground, the coupling chains broke almost in the middle of the train.

As the fore part of the train was slowing down to pass through Massy-Palaiseau Station it was caught up by the other section, which, helped by the decelerity, was then travelling at full speed. The impact was terrific. Several coaches were literally smashed to atoms.

MORE PROGRESS MADE NORTH OF BEAUCOURT.

British Report German Artillery Activity South of Sailly-Saillisel.

BRITISH OFFICIAL.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, Thursday. 9.15.—Some further progress was made during the night north of Beaucourt-sur-Ancre as a result of the successful local operation in that area reported in yesterday's communiqué.

In connection with the raid north-east of Cité Calonne, also reported yesterday, a mine was sprung by us with good effect.

The enemy's defences east of Bois Grenier (south of Armentières) and east of Ploegsteert, were bombarded by us during the day.

The enemy's artillery has been active south of Sailly-Saillisel and east of Bethune. On other portions of our line artillery activity on both sides has been normal.

Sailly-Saillisel was, until the "take-over" on Christmas night, part of the French line.

"PREPARING GREAT OFFENSIVE."

COPENHAGEN, Thursday.—A well-known military correspondent of the *Vossische Zeitung* writes that the violent artillery fire and the continued patrol fights on the western front are undoubtedly intended to conceal the great concentration of troops.

The correspondent believes that the Allies are preparing for a great offensive on this front.—Exchange.

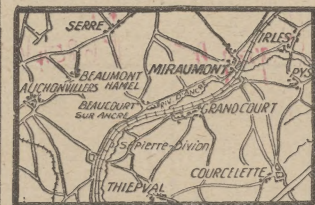
GERMANS ADMIT THEY ABANDONED POSITIONS.

Berlin on Hand-to-Hand Fighting with British.

GERMAN OFFICIAL.

(Admiralty per Wireless Press.) Army Group of Crown Prince Rupprecht.—A mining operation by the British near Loos was followed by brief fighting, during which the enemy, who had advanced, was quickly repulsed in a violent hand-to-hand engagement.

During the night of January 12-13, after engagements near Serre, parts of an advanced posi-



The Germans admit they evacuated a position at Serre.

tion still held by us were systematically evacuated and without molestation by the enemy.

Since then heavy fire has been directed against these abandoned empty trenches.



German soldier throwing a hand grenade. He is wearing a gas mask.

RUMANIAN SUCCESS SOUTH-WEST OF PRAEA.

Height Surrounded and "a Great Number of Prisoners Taken."

OFFICIAL REPORTS.

Russian.—In the wooded Carpathians the enemy, after firing about 200 shells, assumed the offensive on one of the heights, six and two-thirds of a mile south of the Puceta Mountain, but was thrown back by our fire.

Rumanian Front.—Enemy attempts to assume the offensive against the height south of the River Oltuz were arrested by our fire. The Rumanians repulsed a German attack south of Monastirka-Kachinul (on the River Casin).

South-west of Praela the Rumanians surrounded a height occupied by the enemy, and took a great number of prisoners and four machine guns. Admiralty per Wireless Press.

German.—While south of the Vitos road an attack by strong Russian forces collapsed before our artillery and machine-gun fire, we succeeded in throwing back a surprise attack between the Susia and Putna valleys and in capturing one officer and 230 men and one mine gun from the enemy position.

Mackensen's Front.—In the Dobruja the Russian artillery has for some days shelled Tulcea and Isacova and several inhabitants, especially women and children, have been killed.—Reuter.

From Rome comes a Wireless Press message saying "Petrograd reports that the enemy is evacuating Braila."

DEFIANT SPEECHES IN THE PRUSSIAN DIET.

"U Boat Piracy Can Be Much Further Increased."

AMSTERDAM, Thursday.—Speaking in the Prussian Diet, Dr. von Heydebrand (Conservative) declared:—

"The Prussian people stand behind the King as one man and will follow him to battle and to glory whither he leads us. It is most superfluous to invoke the justice of our cause."

"If the military authorities consider it appropriate and opportune to carry out an unrestricted U boat warfare, Prussian and German Peoples will be ready to bear the consequences."

"What our enemies demand from us as indemnity we will also demand from them."

Herz Herold (Centre Party) praised the achievements of the U boats, the successes of which, he said, can doubtless be much further increased.—Reuter.

RUSSIANS USE BAYONET IN SUCCESSFUL RAID.

RUSSIAN OFFICIAL.

(Admiralty per Wireless Press.) Western Front.—In the region of the village of Sanovitch, south of Smorgon, our scouting parties entered the enemy's trenches, and, in hand-to-hand fighting, bayoneted twenty Germans.

In the region west of the village of Sembrinki some of the enemy's shelters were demolished by artillery fire.

GUN DUEL IN LORRAINE.

FRENCH OFFICIAL.

Night Communiqué.—There was an artillery duel of considerable intensity in the Vosges, in Lorraine and in the Soissons sector. The rest of the front was quiet.—Reuter.

Afternoon Communiqué.—The night was quiet all along the front.

Yesterday evening, on the heights of the Meuse, after a heavy bombardment lasting three hours, the enemy made in the Bois des Chaviers a series of reconnaissances which were repulsed with loss by our machine-gun and artillery fire.

16 SHIPS SUNK BY A FOE SUBMARINE.

British Vessel Reported To Be Turned Into Commerce Raider.

UNKNOWN FATE OF CREWS.

The perils to Allied shipping through the increased activity of German pirates grow apace.

It was yesterday reported that a submarine has returned to Germany from an enterprise during which it sank sixteen ships, a total tonnage of 26,000.

Further details of the raider's activities are contained in Reuter's messages received from Rio de Janeiro yesterday.

The German ship is said to be a boat of the raider type. It was also stated that the St. Theodore has been converted into a commerce raider.

CREWS' FATE UNKNOWN.

Telegrams received by Reuter from Rio de Janeiro concerning the sinking of ten British and French ships by a German raider and the capturing of two others in the Atlantic say that the sinkings and captures were effected between December 12 and January 10.

The crews of the ships sunk were embarked on the Japanese steamer Hudson Maru, which was ordered to follow the raider until Janu-

SIX BRITISH SHIPS SUNK.

Lloyd's reported yesterday that the following vessels had been sunk:—

Manchester Inventor (British)	4,247 tons.
Auchenchrug (British)	3,918 tons.
Garfield (British)	3,338 tons.
Wragley (British)	3,941 tons.
Kinpurney (British sailing vessel)	1,944 tons.
Omsk (Danish)	1,574 tons.
Brentwood (British)	1,132 tons.

ary 12, when she received permission to put into Pernambuco, where she arrived on the evening of the 15th, with 237 men of the crews saved.

Several Americans were on board the White Star liner *Georgic*, one of the sunk vessels, when she sailed on December 3.

The fate of the crews of the captured ships is not known.

The raider is stated to be a boat of the type of the *Moewe*.

In a communication issued by the Ministry of Marine, the Captain of the Port of Pernambuco says he learns that the raider sank also the ships regarded as captured.

Their crews, whose fate is unknown, number 441 men.

It is now stated that the St. Theodore, which was yesterday reported sunk, has been converted into a commerce-raider.—Reuter.

VENIZELIST PRISONERS SET AT LIBERTY.

ATHENS, Wednesday (received yesterday).—The Venizelists in prison here have been released.

The transport of the Greek troops, according to the directions of the Allies' Note, began to-day.—Central News.

M. POINCARÉ'S WAR VIEWS.

PARIS, Thursday.—President Poincaré received Mr. Edward Marshall, the American newspaper writer, at the Elysée and talked with him upon President Wilson's Note and the reply of the Allies.

"We are condemned to continue the war," said the President, "until we—our gallant Allies and ourselves—can obtain the reparations and guarantees rendered indispensable by the aggressions of which we have been the victims, by the sacrifices to which we have subjected ourselves and by the losses which we have suffered."—Reuter.

NO NEWS OF FALKENHAYN.

The Foreign Office has not received, either from Athens or Salonika, any news of the reported arrival of General Falkenhayn in Greece.—Reuter.

NEW WAR MINISTER.

PETROGRAD, Wednesday.—General Shuvalev has been superseded by the appointment of General Beljajev, Chief of the General Staff, as Minister of War.—Central News.

LADIES! LOTS OF BEAUTIFUL HAIR.

"Danderine" makes hair thick, glossy and wavy. Removes all dandruff, stops itching scalp and falling hair.

To be possessed of a head of heavy, beautiful hair; soft, lustrous, fluffy, wavy and free from dandruff is merely a matter of using a little Danderine.

It is easy and inexpensive to have nice, soft hair and lots of it. Just get a shilling bottle of Knowlton's Danderine now—apply a little as directed and within ten minutes there will be an appearance of abundance, freshness, fluffiness and an incomparable gloss and lustre, and try as you will you cannot find a trace of dandruff or falling hair; but your real surprise will be after about two weeks' use, when you will see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—sprouting out all over your scalp. Danderine is, we believe, the only sure hair grower, destroyer of dandruff and cure for itchy scalp, and it never fails to stop falling hair at once. All chemists sell and recommend Danderine, 1s. 1ld. and 2s. 3d. a bottle.

If you want to prove how pretty and soft your hair really is, moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair—taking one small strand at a time. Your hair will be soft, glossy and beautiful in just a few moments—a delightful surprise awaits everyone who tries this.



Brown & Polson Patent Corn Flour

To save Sugar—

An unsweetened Corn Flour pudding is delicious to eat with jam. Until you have tasted Corn Flour unsweetened, you do not realise its own really delicate flavour.

Cheese pudding and cheese and Corn Flour rarebit are examples of light, nutritious supper dishes without sugar.

FREE OFFER.—Write to Brown & Polson, Paisley, for 'K' booklet of new economical savoury dishes, free.

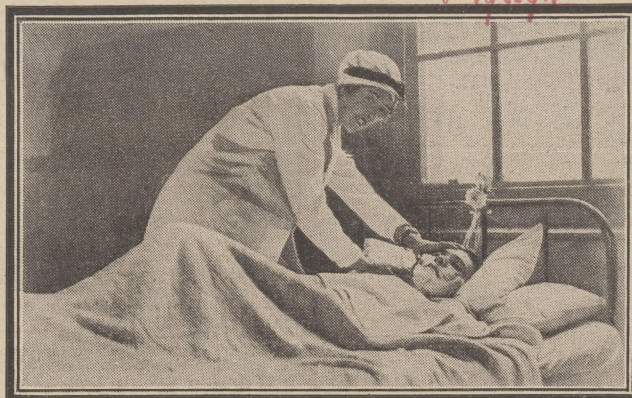
Buy the pound packets for economy, cash price 7d.; half-pounds cost 4d.



"Paisley Flour," the sure raising powder (also made by Brown & Polson), saves trouble in baking.

Foster Nine Varieties
Clark's
You simply add water
2d. SOUPS

FAIR BARBER SHAVES THE WOUNDED.



Miss Marjorie Wagstaff shaving a wounded soldier at Woolaston Hospital, Newport (Mon.). She gives her services every Thursday and Sunday.

FOUR MISSING MEN.



Pte. P. G. Bontoft (Anzac). Write to 205, Clarence-terrace, Green-gates, Bradford, Yorks.



Pte. T. A. Prosser (Royal Welsh Fusiliers). Write to A. Lewis, Fochmyr, Leominster, Herts.



Sgt. C. Kirkland (Sherwood Foresters). Write to Mr. Gill at Grove House, Selston, Notts.



Pte. S. J. Turney (Anzac). Write to J. Turney, Bank of England, Great Marlborough, Bucks.

CANADIAN ACTRESS.



Miss Margaret Bannerman, a charming Canadian, who is playing a leading part in "Under Cover," which has been produced at the Strand Theatre.—(Malcolm Arbuthnot.)

INTERESTING WEDDING.



Mr. Brian Hugh McCormack, only son of Mr. Arthur McCormack, managing director of the Wolseley Motors, Ltd., and Miss Eileen Desmond, third daughter of Mr. A. Desmond.

HEROES DECORATED.



Lee-Cpl. Keeping, awarded the Military Medal. His twin brother has also been mentioned.



Captain R. B. Tasker, R.E., awarded the M.C. and promoted to the field.



A. B. J. Maddy, decorated by the King with the D.S.M. for gallantry at the Dardanelles.



2nd Lieut. A. F. G. Raikes (Worcester Regt.), awarded the Military Cross. He is only 18.

SHORTHAND IN 3 DAYS.

A First Lesson in Dutton's Shorthand For Readers.

ONLY SIX RULES.

Every reader can learn the new Dutton Shorthand, the simplest and highest speed system in the world. Though this system was only first published three months ago, hundreds of people have already secured well-paid berths as shorthand clerks through having acquired this simple, but effective, method. There are only six rules and 29 characters to be learned. Many students have completed the theory in 12 hours, and every person of average intelligence can do so in 18 hours.

Try your hand at the following simple 30-minute lesson:—

F), K, L, M, P, R (up), T.

A as in "tape" is represented by a small circle, while short "e" as in "let" is always omitted. In Shorthand the SOUNDS OF WORDS are written, no notice being taken of the longhand spelling. Thus, take would be represented by the sounds for t, a, k; boat, by b, o, t. The circle vowel "a" is written inside curves, but when an angle is caused by the joining of two strokes, the circle is written outside the angle, thus:

fail f, rake r, pair p, male m.

RULE 1.

R is added to any stroke doubled in length, as pay p, pray p, fail f, frail f; frailer f.

Now try the following exercise:—

Lake, l, a, k. later, l, a, tr.
Take, t, a, k. prefer, pr, fr.
Fair, f, a, r. maker, m, a, kr.
Tray, tr, a. perpetrate, pr, p, tr, a, t.
Frame, fr, a, m.

Now see if you are already capable of writing sentences. This is denoted by the t stroke; a by a dot.

1. The frail mare fell lame.
2. Kate may make a cake.
3. The paper came late.
4. The trailer may take the freight.

Key.

l a k e . t r a i l e r . m a r e . f e l l . l a m e .

70 WORDS A MINUTE IN THREE DAYS.

At a recent three-day class conducted by the author, Mr. Reginald J. G. Dutton, at the London Branch of Dutton's Business College, a convalescent officer completed the course early on the third day. After practising a special phrase exercise he took down a business letter bearing thereon at 70 words a minute.

DUTTON'S THE HIGH SPEED SYSTEM.

Dutton's Shorthand is the simplest and highest speed system, and a writer of another system at 130 words per minute would reach 160 with Dutton's. A comparison of the Dutton's with the Pitman, Sloan-Duployan and Gregg systems; full particulars of the Day and Evening Classes held at the new London Branch, 92 and 93, Great Russell-street, W.C. (near the British Museum), and of the special postal course of tuition, will be sent by return to every reader sending stamped addressed envelope to

DUTTON'S NATIONAL BUSINESS COLLEGE, ROOM R, SKEGNESS.

GREAT SALE OF SANDOW CORSETS

(BRITISH MADE)

THE SANDOW CORSET is the prelude to health; shaped on Nature's model, and built upon strictly anatomical principles, it combines true beauty of line and figure—contour with perfect ease, comfort and freedom of movement. To every woman the Sandow Corset offers a renewal of youth and buoyancy which is really wonderful. It is worn by Royalty and all the most beautiful women of the day.

USUAL PRICES:

10/6, 16/6, 22/6 and upwards.

SALE REDUCTIONS:

6/11, 12/6, 19/6 and upwards.

Illustrated Sale List Post Free.

Write or Call
SANDOW CORSET COMPLY., Ltd.
32b, St. James' St., Piccadilly, S.W.

Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, JANUARY 19, 1917.

WHAT WILL CONVINCE NEUTRALS?

WHILE the German Government continues day by day to accuse the Allies of aims owned and crimes committed by the Germans, we on our side continue beautifully, if elaborately, to explain to neutrals why it is that we go on with the fight for freedom and final peace.

And little by little each unfettered body of public opinion in each neutral nation shows that it is *not* "neutral in the face of crime"; but records its protest, through its intellectuals, or through its Church, or through prominent men at home. From Spain, from Sweden, from Switzerland, from America such protests have come once; or been repeated, as German outrages have multiplied. . . . Nevertheless, high up there, Olympically seated "above the conflict," neutral Governments as distinct from neutral opinion continue to exhibit a general sense of displeasure and discomfort at the nuisance caused all round by "you naughty people fighting for the same thing."

The modern Hun would be wise to leave it at that.

But, by a fatal flaw in his position and temperament, he cannot. His temperament makes him a bad persuader and a good bully. His position urges him to knock neutrals about with the design of harming us. Norwegian and Dutch vessels go down with the British. Insolent demands containing hardly veiled threats follow, and insist upon commodities needed or conditions of industrial help. The question of the hour is: "How much further will this tendency go? How long between the tightening of the fist and the ugly blow in the adversary's face? How soon before a new exemplification of German respect for treaties and frontiers and weaker nations at their doors?" The French Press has lately been full of guesses, of hints. Switzerland is openly warned. Holland is not safe. For the point is that, getting desperate, the Hun people will hand over their affairs for liquidation to the desperate. The relatively moderate men—minor criminals—collapse in time of crisis. Girondins give way to the real sort—*les purs*, the men of the "mountain." With great external and internal pressure you may count on violent counsels winning within. And the Hun residue, the final Hun cry will be—*let us win whatever we do*.

That may mean a rush upon Holland or Switzerland.

And you ask: Will there then, amongst neutrals, be any "above the conflict" Olympians left? Incredible! Why, even Mr. Peace Crank will see the point.

You are too hopeful. He may not. For, in the event of any such raid as the French Press evidently anticipates, the Hun Government will be careful to explain that *we* did it. Then, receiving the explanation blandly, the Olympian neutral—if any be then left over—will write a Note to us and say: "Yes, but I say, you know—he says you did it."

And all the elaborately beautiful explanations will begin again! W. M.

SONNET.

Bright star! would I were steadfast as thou art—
Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night,
And watching with eternal lids apart,
Like Nature's patient, sleepless Eremite,
The moving waters at their priestlike task
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,
Or gazing on the new soft fallen mask
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors—
No—yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,
Pillowed upon my fair love's ripening breast,
To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,
Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
And so live ever—or else swoon to death.

—JOHN KEATS.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Recompense injury with justice, and kindness always with kindness.—Confucius.

WHILE WAITING FOR THE WORD.

SOME TRENCH SENSATIONS FRESH FROM THE FRONT.

By COMPANY COMMANDER.

"AT eight o'clock to-morrow morning we shall assault the position opposite us," said the colonel. "A concentrated artillery fire will begin at seven o'clock, and directly it stops we shall go over."

"Keep the men as quiet as possible—but don't hide the truth from them, of course. Three blasts of the whistle will be the signal; and, for God's sake, wait for them. Good-night, you fellows—and may God grant that most of us will come through safely."

Few of us slept much during the night, I fancy, and soon after dawn the knowledge that something was going to happen seemed to have spread mysteriously through the trench.

our positions and the German trenches—was soon pitted and torn. I watched the parapet being smashed, and I saw the barbed wire before it snapped; and between the salvos I could hear the yells from the German trenches.

There was no need now for anybody to ask questions.

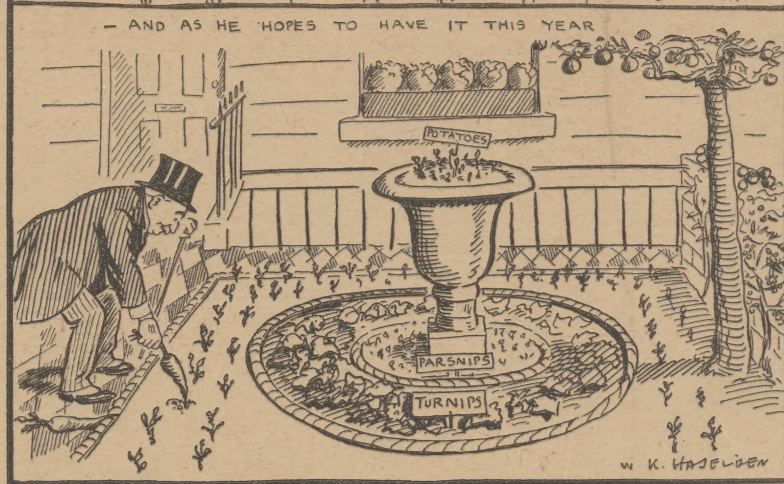
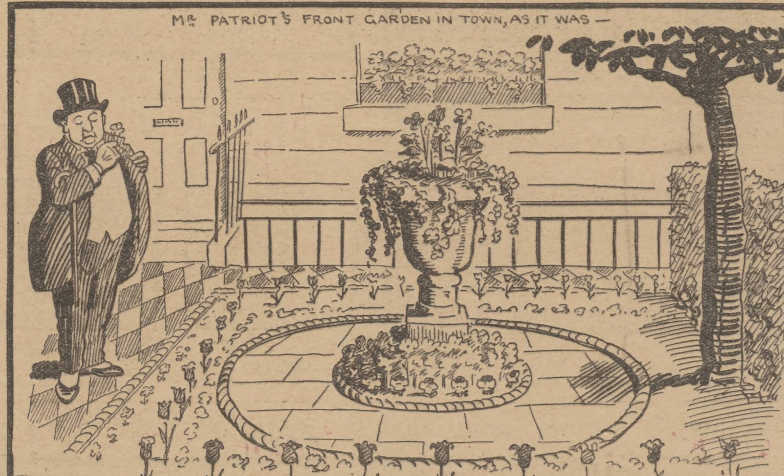
BREAKFAST AT HOME!

That terrific concentrated fire told its own tale, and every man knew that an assault was to follow. The calmness of the men was most remarkable. For myself, I can honestly say that I did not feel afraid; indeed, I hardly thought about anything. And it is curious that I have the clearest remembrance now of the trivialities which flashed through my mind.

I remember wondering what they would have for breakfast at home that morning!

At a quarter to eight the order to get ready was passed along. It was the

OUR GARDENS YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY.



One feels ashamed of flowers these days. Mere decoration will not do. The national good demands potatoes instead of geraniums even in London gardens.—(By W. K. Haselden.)

RENT, TAXES, LOAN.

SOME FINANCIAL PROBLEMS FOR THE SMALL HOUSEHOLDER.

TAXES AND LOAN.

I GATHER from "Small Householder's" letter that he is not a direct taxpayer.

Otherwise (as most of the income-tax demand notes are out prior to Christmas) he would notice that the tax was payable "on or before January 1." Unless he is a rare avis it is not likely that he or anyone would have paid the Christmas rent prior to the receipt of the income-tax demand.

Apart from any other aspect, his suggestion that the Inland Revenue authorities should waive payment of property tax till March 29 in order to lend it to the taxpayer to invest in war loan and pay him interest in the bargain is rather absurd.

If, as "Small Householder" states, "tenants have just paid their rent due at Christmas," why did not they pay the property tax first and give the receipt as part of the rent? They would be nothing out of pocket then.

C. A. PROVOST.
27, Pathfield-road,
Streatham.

PREACHING BY EX-AMPLE.

I AM one of those people the bulk of whose spare capital has already been invested in the two previous War Loans, but I regard the present loan as such an excellent investment that I have scraped together every pound I can spare to-day and put into it.

There will not occur again in the lifetime of any here to-day such a splendid opportunity for the investor, and the small investor particularly. That at my rate, is my opinion.

OPPORTUNITY.

POOR C3!

IT is announced that arrangements are to be made to place several thousands of Class C3 men at the disposal of farmers.

I cannot conceive how a C3 man can possibly perform the heavy labours of a farm-hand.

As we all know, a C3 man is supposed to be fit for only sedentary duties. It is one thing to make arrangements and another thing to carry them out. By all means have a few stout and blind Guardians, if necessary, but let England be spared the disgrace of having consumptive and heart-diseased conscripts dropping dead over the cabbages!

—FRANCIS SWINFORD.

IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 13.—The brooms are very gay shrubs to have in the early summer garden. They grow well in almost any soil and situation, thriving in hard dry stony ground. They may be planted any time next month—preferably from pots.

The common yellow broom is well known, but the variety *andrea* (yellow and velvety-purple) should be of finer growth, as it is one of the finest sorts. Few shrubs are more graceful than the white *Portugal* brooms, E. F. T.

There was electricity in the air—the electricity of suspense—and it affected everybody differently. But the conduct of the men was splendid; they felt relieved, I think, that the monotony of trench work was to be varied by some open fighting. Fear was entirely absent, but the drawn faces showed the high nervous tension which all felt.

"Are we to have a go at them, sir?" asked a boy from my own part of the country when I was passing along to inspect kit.

"Yes, Larry, we are," I replied.

"Thank God, sir," said the boy; and he gripped his rifle firmly.

At that moment the big guns, carefully hidden in picked positions far away behind us, began to talk. The huge shells roared overhead; and as the firing was accurate and well-timed the destruction they wrought was terrible. The crescendo of the cannonade steadily swelled, and the level stretch of "No Man's Land"—about 300 yards wide, between

supremely difficult moment for the officers; and the situation was saved by the chaplain—as brave a gentleman as ever lived. He fell almost before we had cleared the parapet.

"Are you coming with us, sir?" one of the men asked him.

"Coming with you?" he replied. "Do you think I am going to be left here all alone?"

The little joke produced a laugh, and the nervous tension was slackened.

It was then five minutes to eight—and never have I lived through such a long five minutes. It seemed that a lifetime was passing—and the strange thing is that so many of us actually did review the incidents of our lives during those last minutes.

Four minutes still—and the men were handling their rifles nervously, but not fearfully. And many of them gripped and shook their bayonets, to make doubly sure that they

were firmly fixed. Three minutes left—two, and the men were clawing at the parapet.

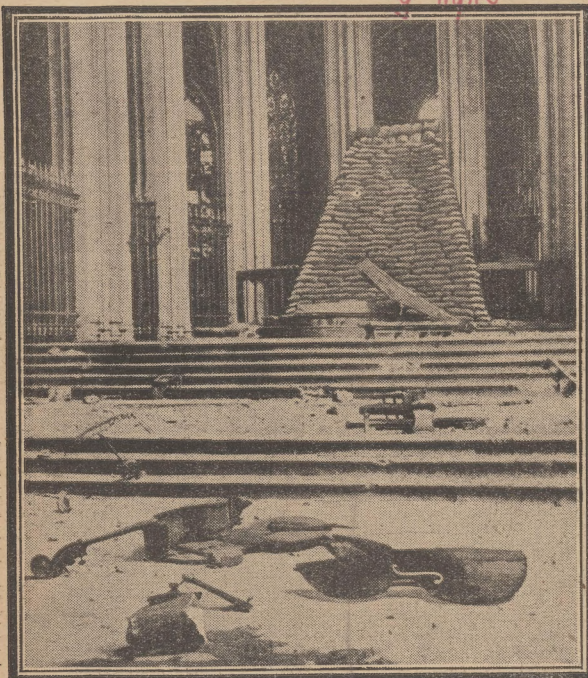
The last and one of the fiercest of the cannonades roared out—and then there was silence. I distinctly heard the groans from the German trenches.

One minute more—and then the three sharp blasts of the whistle.

With a shout we were up and over. Men fell near me under a withering machine-gun fire; but nobody took any notice. On we swept, yelling like madmen. I felt a sharp twinge in my left shoulder, and a moment later there was blood on my hand; but I felt no pain.

We crossed the level stretch very quickly—and I prefer not to think of what happened when we reached the German trenches. It was only afterwards that it all came back to me, in a vague sort of way—like the half-remembered horrors of an evil dream.

THE HUNS' USUAL TARGET.



Entrance to the Church of St. Eloi at Dunkirk. The shells from the Huns' heavy guns have been directed chiefly against the town's religious buildings. The bombardments have, at any rate, served no military purpose.

BURIED SHEEP WHICH BREATHE TH



The dog is exceedingly useful in scenting out the whereabouts of lost sheep—

NAVAL MEN WIN D.S.O.



Commander Hugh Seymour (R.N.), nephew of Admiral Sir E. H. Seymour and cousin of Earl Fortescue.



Lieut. Matthew Armstrong (R.N.R.), of Beverley. He has spent 16 years of his life at sea.



Success rewards her efforts, and one

LADY HARDINGE'S ESCAPE FROM BURNING HOUSE IN KENT.



The scene during the fire. The house was in the modern Gothic style.



After the flames had been subdued.

Valuable pieces of furniture and pictures were saved. In circle, Lady Hardinge.

Lady Hardinge of Penshurst, wife of the former Viceroy of India, was among those who escaped from Birling Manor, near Maidstone, which has been completely gutted by fire. The manor was built in 1837 by the late Earl Neville, and was the residence of the late Hon. Ralph P. Neville, who was a Master of Foxhounds and a Sheriff of Kent.



The end of the day. The sheep

Many of the farmers in the Peak District have built a wall in a field for shelter, and the drifting snow through the hole made by

LES IN SNOWDRIFTS IN THE PEAK.

HOW THE GERMANS MAKE WAR



When he indicates a spot the farmer's wife, who often helps, starts digging.



is rescued from its chilly grave.



cession sets out for home.

tip in drifts. The animals get under a often buried for many days, breathing error photographs.)

WELL-KNOWN MEN DEAD.



Mr. Joseph R. Diggle, who was at one time chairman of the old London School Board.

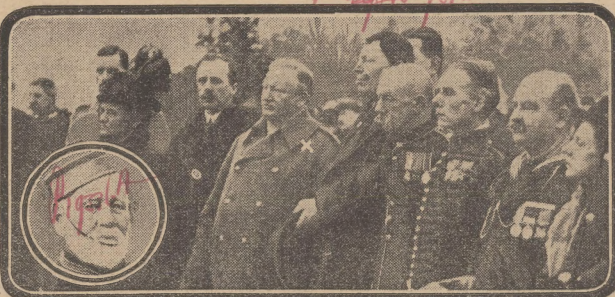


Dr. Anthony Mitchell, Bishop of Aberdeen and Orkney. He was only 48.—(Elliott and Fry.)



What one sees during the projection of liquid fire, a device invented by the enemy to convert the world to the joys of German kultur.

VETERANS AT FUNERAL OF BALACLAVA HERO.



Sergeant John Smith Parkinson (in circle), Birmingham's last survivor of the Balacava Charge, was buried with full military honours. Among the mourners was Sir W. H. Bowater, who is seen at the graveside marked with a cross.

OLD GARAGE BECOMES A SOLDIERS' LAUNDRY.



When certain laundries refused to undertake soldiers' washing the members of the National Union of Women Workers took an old garage, where the work is now done. The charge is only 6d. a bundle, and this sum includes mending.

THE CASE OF MR. GRUBAN.



John George William Gruban, a naturalised German, leaving the Mansion House, where he answered a summons preferred against him by an Oldham company, of which Mr. Handel Booth, M.P. (in circle) is now chairman.



OXO in "No Man's Land"

The following is an interesting letter received from the Front:—

"You may be interested to hear that I undoubtedly owe my life to the valuable properties of your OXO. On the—an attack was made on the German trenches.

"I reached a spot nine yards from the German trenches uninjured, but it was useless going on. I fell where I was, and, lying quite still, was taken for dead. It was exactly a week before our men made another attack, and during the whole of that time I had to lie where I had fallen. It was certain death to try and reach our own trenches. During that week I existed on a biscuit and a tin of OXO. I ate the biscuit on the first day and the rest of the time lived entirely on OXO. I am now in hospital recovering from the effects of my week's exposure, but there is little doubt that without the warming and stimulating effects of OXO I could not have survived while lying there."

Two more letters about OXO:—

From a Lancashire Regt.

"I have seen service with the boys on all the Fronts, and they say you have made them very cheerful at times, when drinking your wonderful OXO. I can sincerely second that, for when I was in the Serbian retreat last December the only friend I had was your OXO; it kept us boys alive in the Balkans."

From Salonica:—

"A consignment of OXO arrived the day after I got here; you can have no idea what a godsend it will be in this place for the next few months. It will warm a large number of men on cold nights. When you repeat the dose please advise me, so that I may make sure it arrives."

The reviving strength-giving power of OXO has received remarkable endorsement from officers and men during the War.

OXO exactly meets their needs. It aids and increases nutrition and stimulates and builds up strength to resist climatic changes; it is invaluable for all who have to undergo exertion either to

promote fitness or to recuperate after fatigue.

It takes up little space, is easily carried, and can be converted quickly into a hot nourishing drink which, with bread or biscuits, will sustain for hours.

OXO is absolutely unrivalled for use on the Field, in the Hospital, in the Canteen and in Training.

Be sure
to send

OXO

OXO Ltd., Thames House, London, E.C.

THE BEST BREAD IS Turog

TUROG BREAD conforms to all the Government requirements. It contains the essential salts of the wheat. It is easily digested and extremely nutritious. Because it keeps fresh longer than does ordinary bread it is distinctly economical. Have you tried it? It is far more delicious than other breads. Try a loaf to-day and convince yourself of this. Tell your baker to deliver a loaf of Turog each day until you tell him to stop. You will soon find that you won't want him to stop.

TELL YOUR BAKER
TO DELIVER A LOAF TO-DAY
THE TUROG BROWN FLOUR CO. LTD., CARDIFF.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

ADELPHI.—A New Musical Comedy, "HIGH JINKS."

To-night, at 8.15. Weds. and Sat., at 8.20.

MAIRIE BLANCHET, W. H. BERRY, NELLIE TAYLOR.

Box-office, 10 to 10. Tel. 3645 and 8086 Ger.

ALDWYCH.—GRAND OPERA SEASON.

To-night, 8. CAVALIERIA RUSTICANA and PAGLI-ACCHI; Sat. Mat., 2.15. AIDA; Sat. Eve., 6. PAINT; Mon., 7.30. LOUISE; Tues., 8. SAMSON and DELILA; Wed., 7.30. LOUISE; Thurs., 8. TALES OF HOFFMANN. Ger. 2.15.

AMBASSADORS.—Nightly, 8.30. Thurs. and Sat., 2.30.

THE NEW FRIE. Mid., Dylis, Morton, etc.

APOLLO.—Twice Daily, at 2.30 and 8.0, THE PRIVATE SECRETARY. Popular Prices. Ger. 3243.

COMEDY.—Andre Charlot's musical show, "SEE-SAW," with John Humphries and Phyllis Monkman.

Evenings, 8.15. Matinee, Mon., Fri., Sat., 2.15. Ger. 848.

COURT.—Followed by WHERE IS HE? THE AMAZONS.

Miss Horniman's Season. TO-DAY and DAILY, at 2.15.

EVENINGS: Weds., Thurs., Sat., at 7.45.

CRITERION.—The Celebrated Fares.

Evenings, 8.30. Mat., Weds., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

A LITTLE BIT OF FLUFF (2nd Year).

DALY'S.—(Ger. 201.) YOUNG ENGLAND, THE GEORGE EDWARDS and ROBERT COURTNEIDGE production.

TO-DAY and 8. MATS. Mon. and Sat., at 2.

SPECIAL MATINEES, T-day and Weds., Jan. 24 and 31.

DRURY LANE.—PASS IN NEW BOOTS.

TWICE DAILY, at 1.50 and 8.00.

ROBERT HALLS WILL EVANS, STANLEY LUPINO.

FLORENCE SMITHSON and MAJOR TITO.

Box-office, 10 to 10. Tel. Ger. 2583.

DUKE OF YORKS.—2.30 and 8.15. DADDY LONG-LEGS.

Rene Kell, Andy Smith, Fay Day, etc.

DAILY, 2.30. EVENINGS: Weds., Thurs., Fri., Sat., 8.15.

GAITEY.—Nightly, at 8. THEODORA AND CO.

Matinee Weds., Sat., 2. Leslie Henson, Austin Melford, Davy Burnaby, Henri Leon, Robert Nainby, Julia James, Madge Sanders, Peggy Kinton, Adrah Fair.

GARRICK.—THE GIRL FROM CIROS.

EVENINGS, 8.30. MATS. WEDS. SATS. 2.15.

GLOBE.—Afternoon, at 2.15. "Phone, Ger. 8722.

Last week of WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS.

Evenings, at 8.15. PEG O' MY HEART.

A. E. MATTHEWS and MARY O'FARRELL.

Next week of PEG O' MY HEART.

PEG O' MY HEART. Every Afternoon, at 2.30.

Evenings, Weds., Fri. and Sat., at 8.15.

HAYMARKET.—AT 8.30. THE POWERS MIGHT.

ELLIS JEFFREYS and LEONARD BOYNE.

8. POSTAL ORDERS. Mat., Mon., Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S.—Every Evening, at 8.

Over Nares, Dorothy Russell, Cecil Humphreys.

MATINEES, every Wed., Thurs. and Sat., at 2.15.

KINGSWAY.—(Ger. 4032.) A KISS FOR CINDERELLA.

By J. B. BARRIS. EVERY AFTERNOON, at 2.30.

EVENINGS. The days and Saturdays, at 8.30.

Mr. PERCY HUTCHISON, Miss HILDA TREVELYAN.

LYCEUM PANTHOM.—BROTHER COWS MIGHT.

DAILY, at 1.30 and 7. STRONGEST PANTHOM CO. in London. Popular prices, 5s. to 6d. Seats reserved from Pri. Box office, 10 till 10. 751-8 Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LYRIC THEATRE.—"ROMANCE."

Over Nares, Dorothy Russell, Cecil Humphreys.

Evenings, at 8.15. Mat., Wed. and Sat., at 2.30.

NEW.—EVERY AFTERNOON, at 2.30.

EVENINGS: Thursdays and Saturdays, at 7.30.

PLAYHOUSE.—At 8.30. THE MILDLY LADY.

Gladys Cooper, Malcolm Cherry, Woodrow Greenhill.

Matinee, Thursday and Saturdays, at 2.30. (Ger. 3970.)

PRINCE OF WALES.—THE BEST CHILDREN'S PLAY.

Daily, at 2.30, and TO-MORROW (Sat.) EVENING, at 8.

QUEEN'S.—Evenings, 8.15. Gerard 8437.

Matinee, Mon. and Sat., 2.30.

POTASH and PERMITTED IN SOCIETY.

ROYALTY. Daily, 2.45. Evenings, Thurs. and Sat., 8.30.

Romeo and Juliet, by Edward Kibbee.

DENNIS EADIE. MARIE LOHR.

SCALA THEATRE.—Daily, at 2.30 and 7.30. Official British and French Films. BATTLE OF THE ANGLES.

ADVANCE OF THE TANKS. Canons et Munitions (French Official). ADDED TO PROGRAMME. Monday, next.

FRENCH VICTORY OF DEC. 15 LAST AT VERDUN.

ST. JAMES.—The Brandon Thomas Co. LAST 2 DAYS 2.30 and 8.

ST. MARTIN'S.—Evenings, 8.30. C. B. Cochran's produc-

tion, "HOUPLA!" Gerie Miller, Ida Adams, Madeline

Chelmselle, Nat D. Ayer, George Graves, Malines, Weds.

and Sat., 2.30. Gerard 1245 and 3416.

SAVOY.—At 8.15. THE PROFESSOR'S LOVE STORY.

by J. M. Barrie. Every Evening, H. B. IRVING, E.

HOLMAN CLARK, FAY COMPTON. Tel. Ger. 3366-7.

SHAFESBURY.—"THREE CHEERS." Every Evening,

at 8.15. Mat., Weds., Thurs. and Sat., 2.15.

HARRY LAUDER. STEPHEN LEVEY.

STRAND.—Every evening, at 8.15. Matheson Lang in

"Under Cover." First Mat., Sat. next, 2.30. Tel. Ger. 3530.

VAUXHALL.—Evenings, at 8.15. M. Gratian's Review.

"SOME" LEE WHITE. Mat., Tues., Thurs. and Sat., 2.15.

WYNDHAM'S.—Wedsdays and Saturdays, at 2.15.

Matinee, Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 2.15.

GERALD DA MAURIER. NARIEL RUSSELL.

* "THE BOYS ARE HERE."

ALHAMBRA.—Last Week.

ALFRED LESTER. "OLET LOREINE JACK STRAW."

Even., 8.30. Varieties, 8.15. Mat., Wed. and Sat., 2.15.

EMPIRE, Leicester-square.—TWICE DAILY, 2.30 and 8.30.

Albert de Courville's Production.

* "RAZZLE DAZZLE."

Box Office, 10 to 10. Telephone, Gerard 3537.

PALACE.—VAMPIRE WITH Regine Flary Tate, etc.

PLAYFAIR. GWENDOLINE BROGREN, MOYA MAN-

NERING, FREDERICK GERARD, STANLEY LOCAN, GINA

PALMERIE, ROY ROYDON and NELSON KEYS. Even.,

at 8. MATS. MON. WED. and SAT., at 2.

PALACE.—Nightly, at 8. LASHWOOD.

BRANSHY WILLIAMS, ALBERT WHELAN, R. G.

KNOWLES, GEORGE MOZART, VERNON WATSON,

ELLA SHIELDS, MAIDIE SCOTT, TWO BOBS, FITZ

GERALD GIRLS, VICTOR and GEORGE.

PAIDAM PANTHOM. DAILY, at 2.15.

MASKELYNE'S MYSTERIES, St. George's Hall, at 3 and

8. Holiday Programme, including Mr. J. N. Mackelene in

his inimitable specialties, 1s. to 5s. Children half-price.

PHILHARMONIC HALL, Ger. Portland-st. W.—MR.

POLYTECHNIC, Regent-st. W. (Tel. May, 6100.)

TO-DAY, at 12.30, 2.30, 4.30, 6.30.

THE MOST WONDERFUL. The Battle of the Ancre

TANKS. and the Advance of the Tanks.

TANKS. Popular Prices, 1s. to 5s. Bookable from 2s.

PERSONAL.

GRACE.—Yes, Rescuer, York.

MY Darling. "22 Musketry."—Very many happy returns of to-day. Roll on to-morrow.

PAIR permanently removed from face with electricity; ladies only.—Florence Wood, 475, Oxford-st. W.

* "The above advertisements are charged at the rate of eight words 4s. and 6d. per word afterwards. Trade advertisements in Personal column will be sent post free by per word after; name and address of sender must also be sent.—Address, Advertisement Manager, "Daily Mirror," 25-26, Bowchurch, London.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

ACTING for Films.—Beginners wid.; explanatory guide tree.—Victoria Cine Studio, 35, Rathbone-place, W.

HOUSES TO LET.

A HOUSE for 6d. a day; 6d. a day; 6d. a day for 6 years

will enable you to secure a house worth £200.—Full

particulars on application to the Joint Managers, The

Provisional Association of London, Ltd., 255, Bishopsgate,

London, E.C. Mention "The Daily Mirror."

MISCELLANEOUS.

A NEW Cure for Deafness.—Full particulars of a certain

Cure for Deafness and Noise will be sent post free by

D. Clifton, 13, Broad. Hill, London, E.C. (Trifling trial

free.—Carlton Chemical Co., 582, Birmingham.

THE PHANTOM LOVER

By RUBY
M. AYRES

PEOPLE IN THE STORY.

MICKY MELLOWES, a rich bachelor.

ESTHER SHEPSTONE, a girl who is down on her luck and in love with

RAYMOND ASHTON, a good-looking trifter.

OUT in the woman is crying despairingly. The sound reaches Micky Mellowes, in his comfortable room, and arouses his curiosity. Acting on the impulse of the moment,

Esther Shepstone.

he seizes his coat and hat and goes to investigate. He sees a girl standing under a lamp, and hurries towards her. She moves on, but Micky overtakes her. "What is the matter?" he asks.

She turns and faces him, and Micky sees that she is more than beautiful.

At first she declares that there is nothing wrong; but Micky insists upon knowing the truth, and the girl tells him that she has left her home and is very miserable. In her arms she has a black cat, which she has rescued from the boarding-house.

Micky induces her to accompany him to a little restaurant, and they have supper. Micky wins her confidence, and she accepts his offer of friendship in a desperate sort of way. Micky tells her his name, and, reluctantly, she says that she is Esther Shepstone. She gives Micky her address, and promises to return home. He puts her into a taxi cab and walks back to his flat. There he finds Raymond Ashton waiting for him.

Ashton is leaving England at once. His mother has found out about his attachment to a girl who is poor, and has threatened to "cut him off" unless he abandons all idea of marrying her. Ashton cannot face poverty.

He tells Micky that he wants him to deliver a letter to the girl explaining the situation.

Micky glances at the letter and the name—Miss Esther Shepstone—and the address is the one which the girl with the cat has given him.

After Ashton has left, Micky, disgusted with him for leaving the girl he pretends to love in the lurch, impulsively tears open the letter. Micky is amazed by the contents. Ashton is callously throwing Esther over. He writes of their love as a "distraction"; he recommends her to Micky—"a friend of mine and rich as Croesus." It wouldn't be a bad thing if he took a fancy to you.

To save the beautiful girl whom he has befriended from the keenest blow that a girl can suffer, Micky writes his first love-letter—and signs it Raymond Ashton! The genuine letter which Ashton had written Micky locks in his desk.

The next day he sets out for Brixton to keep his appointment with Esther.

Micky takes Esther out to tea. She is very much happier and more hopeful; and she tells Micky that she had had a letter from the man she loves, which has made the world look so much brighter.

Micky knows that it is his letter which has wrought the change.

THE WAGES OF DECEIT.

MICKY did not realise how long he sat there without speaking till Esther spoke to him again. There was a little anxious note in her voice.

"I'm afraid I've bored you horribly with all this. I know it's no interest to you, but I felt that I must tell somebody."

Micky rescued himself with an effort.

"It's of great interest to me," he said. "And you mustn't ever say a thing like that again. We're going to be friends, and real friends are always frightened and interested in everything that concerns the other. I'm more glad than I can say that you're happy again. I only hope it's going to last for ever."

Perhaps there was a dubious note in his voice, for an anxious gleam crept into the girl's eyes.

"You sound as if you don't think that it will," she said quickly.

Micky made a hurried disclaimer.

"I do think so, of course, I do! You deserve all the happiness you can get, and whoever the man is, if he doesn't make you happy—"

He stopped, with frowning memory of Ashton and their parting only last night.

The waitress brought the bill at that moment and put an end to further conversation, for which he was thankful. He realised that he was getting rather out of his depths. He had asked no more freely when they were safely out in the street again.

"And where is the new boarding-house?" he asked presently. He wanted to change the subject; every moment he was afraid that he would say something to give himself away. He did not know in the very least what he meant to do, or even what he wanted to do. He supposed he had behaved like an impetuous fool. He ought never to have posted that letter—ought never to have opened Ashton's; and yet—if he had not done so. . . . He looked down at the girl beside him, and wondered grimly how she would have felt if he had allowed that callous farewell to reach her.

"It's quite close to where we are now," she told him. "It's rather more expensive than the last one, but it's well worth the extra money, and"—she glanced up at him smilingly—"I'm better off to-day than I was yesterday," she explained. "And when I go back to work again—"

"Are you going back, then?" he asked, quickly.

"Of course, I am. I must do something. (Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

and they will take me back at Eldred's, I know."

"Eldred's!" Micky frowned. "That's the petticoat shop, isn't it?"

She laughed. "Yes; how did you know?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I've seen the place lots of times. A girl I know buys all her—"

He stopped, realising that he was not supposed to be in a position where it would be permissible to have an acquaintance who could afford to dress at a really such a hard life.

"Do you want to go back there?" he asked. "Not particularly, but it's easier than looking for a fresh place, and I know they will take me. I'm in the workroom, and it's not really such a hard life."

Micky did some rapid thinking; it was surprising how easily his brain had taken to hard work during the last forty-eight hours.

"Why don't you get a job as a companion to a nice old lady or somebody?" he suggested, vaguely. She laughed again.

"It doesn't sound a bit attractive," she said frankly. "I think you need an awful lot of patience to take a post like that. It's very kind of you to be interested, but I think I shall go back to Eldred's, for a time, at least."

Micky did not like the idea at all, but he let the subject drop.

After going back to the Brixton-road!" he asked after a moment.

"Oh, no; I paid them before I left this afternoon, and all my things have gone, so I shall go straight to the new place."

"Why should I go to walk there with you, if I may," said Micky.

"Of course, you may."

"And when shall I see you again?" he asked, with a touch of anxiety in his voice.

"I'm going to be away for days, and I've got no end of time to kill, and—" He stopped.

"But I haven't," she reminded him. "At least, I shouldn't have when I start work again. But I should like to see you again," she added kindly.

"Thank you," said Micky with faint sarcasm. He felt vaguely disappointed with the whole afternoon. She was holding him so decidedly against his will.

He supposed it was that infernal fellow Ashton that stood between them.

And the fellow was not worth a thought! That was the rotten part of it. As he looked at her he felt strongly tempted to burst out the truth; to tell her that it was he who wrote that letter—to deceive her once and for all.

But the thing was manifestly impossible; apart from the blow it would be to her, it would ruin his own chances once and for all.

She would probably think it an abominable thing to have opened Ashton's letter; she would probably be furious if he let her know that the money she had received had come from him.

Which way he turned he seemed to be in a corner. There was no other way out of it for the moment at all events.

They had reached the new boarding-house now, and Micky was relieved to see that it was a decided improvement on the one in the Brixton-road.

"It's much better than the other one, isn't it?" Esther asked.

"Streets better," he assured her. "I shouldn't mind living here myself. . . . He waited, but she made no comment, and he felt rather snubbed. There was a little silence.

"Don't you like the place where you are living now, then?" she asked after a moment.

"Don't they make you comfortable there?"

"Oh, it's comfortable enough," said Micky ruefully. He wondered if he looked as guilty as he felt. "But I don't believe in sticking on anywhere too long. A change is good for everyone. I shall be shifting out some day soon, I expect."

But she did not say what he wanted her to say; he could see that she was a hundred miles from even guessing what he was driving at, and after a moment he said he supposed he must go.

"I shall see you again soon," he said. "And if there is anything I can do for you—"

"Thank you, but there isn't." She spoke quite kindly, but Micky had the uncomfortable sort of feeling that her thoughts were elsewhere. He waited a moment, then held out his hand.

"Well, good-bye."

"Good-bye, and thank you for my tea."

She nodded and smiled and turned away from him.

ESTHER MAKES A FRIEND.

WHEN Esther went upstairs to her room in No. 11, Mayfield-terrace, she found that the door was already standing open, and she could hear someone talking inside.

She stood still for a moment in amazement; she thought perhaps she had made a mistake and come to the wrong room, but a glance at the open door reassured her: the number of her room was 23, and this one was 23; she pushed the door wider and went in.

Her boxes were there, standing one upon the other, so as to make more space in the small room, and on the rather shabby rug by the fireplace a woman was kneeling with her back to the door.

She did not seem to hear Esther enter, and for a moment the girl stood staring at her in blank amazement. She could not see her face, but she could see that the woman was small and slightly built, with a wealth of jet black hair coiled in becoming carelessness with a couple of yellow pins to fasten it.

She wore a yellow blouse, too, which Esther would have thought hideous on anyone else, but somehow against that dark coil of hair it looked decidedly picturesque.

Esther moved a little, deliberately knocking against a chair to attract attention, and the girl on the hearthrug looked round with a little

startled exclamation; then she scrambled to her feet.

"I heard there was a cat," she explained. "Lydia told me that he was shut up here alone, so I just had to come in and see him. I hope you don't mind. I brought him some milk."

For a moment Esther was too taken aback to answer. She looked from the little woman in the yellow blouse to Charlie, sprawled on the rug and purring lustily, and then back again to the little woman.

She was very attractive looking, that was Esther's first thought, and her next that she had never seen anyone with such a beautiful complexion.

"You're Miss Shepstone, aren't you?" her visitor queried in the friendliest of tones. "You see, I know quite a lot about you already. Lydia told me—Lydia's the housemaid here—you're June Mason—I live here, too, and I hope we shall be great friends."

There was something so breezily disarming about her that Esther could not help laughing; she held out her hand.

"You're very kind. I hardly know what to say. . . ."

"Don't say anything," Miss Mason answered airily. "I'm going to like you, I know I should somehow when I first heard your name. I believe in that sort of thing—I don't know if you do, but as soon as Lydia told me who it was that had taken this room I knew I should like you. I think your name is sweet—Esther! So quaint and old-world. Have you had your tea?"

—yes, oh, what a shame! I've got some ready for you in my room. Oh, I hope you don't think it's awful cheek," she broke out with a sort of embarrassment. "I've got a sitting-room here as well as a bed-room, and I always make my own tea, it's better than you can get it downstairs. I've got a fire there, too, and you're ever cold I hope you'll come up and sit with me. I'm out a good deal, but you can always use my room when I'm not there, if you care to. Take off your hat and come and see it now, or are you too tired? I don't want to worry you."

"I'm not a bit tired," Esther said, laughing; she felt a little bewildered by this sudden offer of friendship, but June Mason interested her, and after a moment she took off her hat obediently.

"We'll bring the cat too," Miss Mason said; she swooped down with a quick little movement and caught the cat up in her arms. "I love cats," she said. "What's his name?"

"Charlie," said Esther, shyly. "He's very thin, but they weren't kind to him where he belonged before. . . ."

"What a shame! I simply loathe people who (Continued on page 11.)



Beauty's New AID
You can apply **DECOLTEINE** whilst dressing for dinner.

Decolteine is the new liquid hair remover. It instantly and painlessly removes unwanted hair, leaving the skin smooth and unharmed. It is so simple to apply that you can use it whilst performing your toilet. Decolteine is just as effective with a heavy growth of hair (such as that beneath the arms) as with the slight "downy" growth.

The presence of "down" on the face and arms will often spoil the effect of cosmetics, because no cosmetic can then be smoothly and evenly applied. Decolteine gives a smooth foundation.

Decolteine came into demand with the décolleté gown, and hundreds of fashionable women use and recommend Decolteine as the one perfect and simple hair remover.

To remove unwanted hair you just make one application of Decolteine—leave the fluid to dry—and sponge off with warm water. You find that the hair has entirely vanished and the skin is clear, smooth, and cool.

If you are troubled with displeasing or disfiguring hair, try Decolteine. Decolteine has no unpleasant odor, does not irritate the most sensitive skin.

Price 3/6 per bottle. Sold by Boots, Harrods, Selfridge, Whiteley, and chemists everywhere. If any difficulty in obtaining, a first bottle, sent direct, post free, on receipt of price. Booklet "VANITY FAIR" free on request.

M. D. ROBERTS, LTD.
123 Jermyn Street, S.W.

SYMINGTON'S SOUPS

An appetising and sustaining dish. Easy to prepare. Children love it. Sold everywhere. W. SYMINGTON & Co., Ltd., Market Harborough.

A Huge Success

Every week adds to the splendid success of Lipton's Margarine in Cloth Lumps. Thousands and thousands of delighted customers are enjoying this one perfect substitute for best butter.

Lipton's Margarine

PACKED IN THE
OLD ORIGINAL CLOTH LUMPS

per **8 D.** lb.

Is every bit as good as the Best Butter.

Just try a 3-lb. sample for 4d. Even if you have been buying expensive butter up till now, you will not notice the change. The only difference you can detect is the extra money in your purse.

LIPTON'S

TEA PLANTERS AND PROVISION MERCHANTS.
Head Office: City Road, London, E.C.
Branches and Agencies throughout the United Kingdom.

LIPTON'S TEA

Finest in the World **2/-** and upwards.

SPECIAL OFFER

A
4-lb. Parcel
OF

Lipton's Margarine

PACKED IN THE
OLD ORIGINAL CLOTH LUMPS

will be sent carriage paid to any address in the United Kingdom for

3/3

Order from Lipton Ltd., Head Office, City Rd., London, E.C.

LIPTON, LTD.



The Rev. H. S. Vining, chaplain of Eton College, who during school holidays has been making munitions.

Trouble Brewing.

I HEARD from an "inside" source yesterday of several indications of trouble brewing in the Liberal camp between the "out" and "in" sections. It is common knowledge in political circles that the relations between the Liberal supporters of the Government and some on the other side of the House are not all harmonious, and interest in developments is getting keen.

Watch "The Opposition."

My informant thought that some definite indication of the outcome might be forthcoming early in the new session. Some people are already talking of a split, but I am assured that there is no split at present. Still, it will be very interesting to watch the attitude of the "Opposition" when the House meets again.

General Nivelles.

I am told that General Nivelles made a great impression on those whom he met during his stay in London. A friend who saw him tells me that his appearance conveys an extraordinary impression of quiet strength and tenacious resolution.

Nothing Doing.

The suspension of the credit system and other retail shopping customs tentatively (and rather timidly) broached the other day, I hear, unlikely to result in action. The National Service Department, I believe, have received a number of very outspoken trade opinions on the suggestion, and the most likely thing to happen is that the whole idea will be allowed to die quietly and un-mourned.

Women and the Vote.

Electoral reformers are discussing with a good deal of interest the effect which the Speaker's Committee is likely to have on the prospects of Women's Suffrage. The statement has been made that the committee left the subject severely alone, but I have good reason for anticipating that the report will deal with it very considerably.

Germany's War Loan?

While we are raising a gigantic war fund the enemy means to have a final sinking one.

The Queen of Hearts.

Queen Alexandra has been quietly encouraging working girls who are doing war work after hours. They assemble in Grosvenor-nor-crescent to sew and make bandages. Queen Alexandra visited them recently. Miss Dorothy Varick, who entertained them, received a charming note of thanks from the Queen.

The Private Secretary.

Mr. Charles R. Walenn, who is playing the part of the Rev. Robert Spalding in "The Private Secretary" at the Apollo, told me yesterday that, for many years, he played principal parts in Gilbert and Sullivan operas, and toured in the same rôles in Australia, New Zealand and South Africa. I hear, by the way, that the run of "The Private Secretary" has been extended until February 3. I saw Mr. Asquith in the stalls when I looked in again a few evenings ago.



Mr. C. R. Walenn.

An Echo of Egypt. An Anzac was telling me yesterday that one sweltering day last year a certain general was reviewing a Colonial brigade. His wife said to him: "Make them double, Fred," and the order was given. They never forgot it, and not long ago, when the same general was inspecting Anzacs in England, the chorus ran along their ranks: "Make them double, Fred!"

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

The Shakespeare Exhibition.

I turned in to the private view of the Shakespeare Exhibition at the Grafton Galleries. It is a real treasure trove for Shakespeare lovers, and the exhibits range from a model of the old Globe Theatre to an autograph letter of Miss Ellen Terry. A bill announcing the sale of Shakespeare's house at Stratford, dated 1847, hangs in the first room.

From Gay to Grave.

Some of the old playbills were interesting. I noticed one announcing a performance by Charles Kean at the Princess Theatre in Oxford-street. There were two items in the programme, a farce entitled "How Stout You're Getting," and — Shakespeare's "King Henry VIII." Our grandfathers evidently preferred their Shakespeare diluted.

Mr. Grossmith's Smile.

Life in the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve appears to agree with Mr. George Grossmith. I saw him in uniform—at the first production of "Under Cover" at the Strand Theatre. He was looking particularly fit, and his smile was that of a man who finds himself on the best of terms with life.

The New St. James' Play.

Playgoers, old and new, are looking forward with expectancy to "The Aristocrat," the new play by Mr. Louis Parker at the St. James' next Thursday. I can tell you something about the cast. Sir George Alexander will,



Miss Joyce Carey.

of course, play the lead. A prominent part is to be taken by that veteran actress, Miss Genevieve Ward, and another member of the company is Miss Joyce Carey, the pretty daughter of Miss Lilian Braithwaite.

Back from Brighton.

I am pleased to hear that Mr. Herman Finck is returning to the Palace Theatre on Monday night, when he will "take the chair" again. I do not mean that he will be the old style chairman with "an ammer in 'is and," but, rather, a conscientious conductor waving a baton over a brilliant band. His health has been thoroughly restored.

A Future Polar Explorer?

Lady Scott, widow of the Polar explorer, is a devotee of the open air. She is always accompanied by her little son Peter, who, judging by his appearance, is the hardiest child in England. Whatever the weather, he trots along in jersey, "shorts" and sandals, bare-headed, and as happy as a sandboy. His young friends call him "Shock-Headed Peter."

Gold from America.

When visiting an old friend yesterday just arrived from New York, she asked me to walk into the hotel office, as she wanted to pay her bill. She presented a little pile of sovereigns. The expression on the face of the clerk baffles my powers of description.

War Extravagance.

Whenever I turn into an auction room I am amazed at the eagerness of buyers to pay excessive prices not only for rare works of art, but for valueless trash. I have seen modern stuff, such as table china, curtains and similar objects, sold at more than twice the price at which they could be bought new at a West End shop. If really fine things turn up at an auction the competition for them leads to staggering figures.

Prison Cinemas.

I have heard of cinemas in churches before now, but yesterday for the first time I heard of a cinema in a prison. America, of course, is responsible for this innovation, and the carefully-selected films shown at Sing Sing Prison, New York, are said to have an excellent effect on the morals of the convicts.

Women as Censors.

My Dublin correspondent writes that women are about to be appointed to act as "theatre inspectors." Their duties there will be to visit all theatres and cinemas and to report immediately to the Public Health Committee if they see anything to hurt the moral susceptibilities of the public. The idea originated with "the Civic League," which is composed principally of well-to-do ladies interested in social problems.

What Women Have Done.

Sir Bryan Mahon, the Irish Commander-in-Chief—who, by the way, has served with distinction on three fronts in the present war—has paid a tribute to the work women are doing. He says he saw many nurses remaining at their work in Salonika though very ill. All classes of Irishwomen, from the highest to the humblest, have done extremely well, he thinks. Still, I am told there are villages in Ireland where the people hardly know a war is on!

Fireside Fare.

I have been reading the February number of the *London Magazine*. It has a thrilling table of contents. Mr. Winston Churchill, I notice, reviews the war by land and sea, and there is an exciting article on "The Fight for Tanganyika," by a member of the expedition. I know of no better fireside companion than the *London*.

The Limit.

"Is Binks unpopular?" asked the fat man in the smoking carriage. "Why, they black-balled him when he applied for membership in his local pig club."

The Rush for Seeds.

I am told that already the big seed houses are being inundated with orders for the coming sowing season. Unfortunately many kinds of seed are scarce, and the shortage of labour is going to make it difficult to cope with the demand.



Lady Drogheda.

A Zeppelin Relic.

Lady Drogheda is herself arranging the Aeronautic Exhibition at the Grosvenor Galleries, the proceeds of which are being devoted to charitable purposes for flying men and Irish hospitals. Yesterday I found her adjusting the Fokker's tail at the right angle and nailing up relics. One of those she showed me was Count Zeppelin's autograph order for his first machine written on a piece of gold-beater's skin.

Always a Churchman.

The last time I saw the late Mr. J. R. Diggle, was on a September evening in 1905. I was staying at the quaint little Kentish town of Tenterden, and one Sunday I turned into St. Michael's Church for the evening service. Mr. Diggle, who was one of the churchwardens, left his seat on the conclusion of the Psalms and proceeded with slow and dignified pace to the lectern, where he read the first lesson.

A Musical Debutante.

There will be a new singer, I am told, at next Sunday afternoon's concert at the Albert Hall. Miss René Maxwell, an Australian, who has received her musical education in London, and is now studying at the Guildhall School of Music, will be heard for the first time on the concert platform at that occasion.

THE RAMBLER.

THE MAN
Photo—Walter Barnett.

THE MAGAZINE

THE CONTENTS

Now on Sale

"I am writing this letter to urge all those at home who have been accustomed to buy books and magazines in the past to continue to do so freely, if possible in increasing numbers, and having read and enjoyed them, to pass them on as freely to the Camp's Library for circulation among the troops."

Extract from a letter from F.-M. Sir DOUGLAS HAIG.

Books and Magazines intended for the troops may be handed across the counter of any post office, without stamp, address or wrapper.

ITALY'S SHARE IN THE WAR.

SPIRITUALISM Fraud & Fact

WINSTON CHURCHILL & THE TANKS

THEATRICAL SUPPLEMENT

BEST STORIES

FINEST ILLUSTRATIONS

CIRO'S DROP APPEAL.

Status of Club Unaffected—What Magistrate's Decision Means.

Ciro's Club, which was struck off the register and fines imposed on its officials for selling intoxicants after hours and permitting consumption, withdrew its appeal at the London Sessions yesterday.

Messrs. Amery-Parkes and Co., solicitors for the Club, stated last night that the magistrate's decision merely prevents the club supplying intoxicating liquor to its members, and does not affect its status as a club.

The club will continue open, and the members will enjoy the same privileges as before, subject only to this disqualification as to intoxicating liquor.

NEWS ITEMS.

Mr. Hughes' New Party.

Mr. Hughes and his party have arranged a coalition with Mr. Cook's Liberals, says a Melbourne message.

Zepp Raider's Body Washed Up.

Another body, presumably that of a member of the crew of the Zeppelin brought down in November, has been washed ashore on the Durham coast.

"Mother Hubbard" Arrested.

Arrested at the end of his performance as Mother Hubbard at Dalston, Jesse Sweet was charged as a conscript at North London Police Court yesterday.

Historic Saddle To Be Sold.

The camel saddle on which General Gordon rode for the last time into Khartoum has been given for sale on behalf of the Red Cross by Surgeon-General Sir T. Gallwey.

No Women Barristers.

By an overwhelming majority the General Council of the Bar rejected a resolution that the Grand Council should consider the admission of women to the profession.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S MESSAGE.

"I hope you will express to these ladies my best thanks for all they are doing for the crippled children."

Queen Alexandra sent this message yesterday to the Lord Mayor's luncheon, at which the women secretaries of the Queen Alexandra League and the women connected with the work of Sir William Treloar's Hospital at Acton were entertained.

LINGFIELD RACING RESULTS.

12.20.—**BEVER HURDLE RACE.** 2m.—**DRUMMANRIG** (13-3, L. Butcher); **Eigon** (2-1); **Dalber** (8-1). 3. Also ran: **Court Meddya** (8-1), **Appleton** and **Bethlehem** (100-9), **St. Patrick's Blue**, **Chockberry**, **Proximus**, **Smooton Lady** and **Cox** (100-8).

1.0.—**LINGFIELD CHASE.** 2m.—**KING'S YEAR** (6-1, Hawkins); **Kavan** (4-1); **Watersfield** (10-1); 3. Also ran: **Wiseton II** (8-2), **Darraiden** (8-1), **Sycamore Lodge** (7-1), **Bridge IV** (8-1), **E.R.** and **Beldorney** (10-1).

3.30.—**SURREY HURDLE RACE.** 1m.—**FIFTY-FIVE** (11-10, Hopper); **Flotation** (8-1); 2. **Minister of Munition** (7-1); 3. Also ran: **Happy Days** (7-1), **Straight Ahead** and **Herodotus** (8-1), **Nicky Nap**, **Greedy Robert**, **Sennowe**, **Dicker Don** and **Wigmore** (100-8).

2.0.—**DORMANS' CHASE.** 3m.—**TEMPLEDOWNNEY** (4-5, T. Hulme); **Irish Mail** (2-1); 2. **Red Sunset** (20-1); 3. Also ran: **Ally Sloper** (8-1).

2.30.—**HOLTYE HURDLE RACE.** 2 1/2m.—**WHITE PROPHECY** (6-4, G. Duller); **Old Blue** (6-1); 2. **Green Lane** (100-8); 3. Also ran: **Marita** (8-1), **Marx** (10-1), **De Ryan**, **Neurotic Poems**, **I Say**, **Knights of Glin**, **Forester**, **Superb Club**, **Murray Bridge**, **Carnwherry**, **Bolivar**, **Brentwood** and **Romulus** (100-8).

3.0.—**SHIPLEY CHASE.** 2m.—**CARRIG PARK** (5-6, Hawkins); **Scarlet Button** (8-1); 2. **Valentine Maher** (7-2); 3. Also ran: **Ballyhust**, **Slave of the Ring**, **Green Falcon** and **Diblet** (10-1).

THE PHANTOM LOVER.

(Continued from page 9.)

are not kind to animals. Never mind, he'll soon get all right. Now come along—I'll help you unpack your boxes presently."

She led the way downstairs and Esther followed.

"Mine's the best room in the house," Miss Mason informed her. She pushed open the door of a room immediately below Esther's and invited the girl to come in. "Sit down and make yourself at home. I'll get the tea in half a minute. I know you'll have another cup when you see it's made. I shall, anyway. Do you smoke?"

"No," said Esther.

"Well, I do. I hope you're not shocked. I find it's so soothing when you've got nerves; and I'm a frightfully nervy person. I am hardly ever still; I'm always on the go."

Esther could well believe it. She looked on with a slightly dazed feeling while June Mason lit a cigarette and bustled about the room getting tea.

It was a very comfortable room, with plenty of easy chairs and lots of cushions all in the same pale shade of mauve.

"I didn't think there would be any rooms as comfortable as this in the house," Esther said presently. "I suppose you pay a great deal for it, though."

"I don't know about that. Most of the furniture is mine and all the cushions. Do you like my cushions?" She put down the teapot, which she had been about to fill, and caught up one of the cushions, plumping its softness together with her white hands.

"Mauve is my lucky colour," she rattled on. "Everything I do in mauve turns out well. But perhaps you don't believe in a superstition like that?"

"I'm not sure. I never thought about it," she said, hesitatingly. "But it's a very pretty colour," she added.

Miss Mason dropped the cushion to the floor, and stooping picked Charlie up and deposited him on it.

"Doesn't he look sweet?" she demanded. "And a black cat is lucky, too, you know, so that's a comfort."

She went back to the teapot, made the tea and poured out a cup for Esther.

Is that chair comfy?—yes, lean back! What are you looking at? Oh, my photographs! Yes, I have got a lot, haven't I? Lydia dusts them for me! Lydia's a treasure! You'll love her. When I get married she's going to leave here and come with me—"

Esther looked interested.

"Are you going to be married?" she asked. Miss Mason laughed.

"Am I? No, I'm not. I'm too fond of my independence. Not that I don't like men—don't think that! I do like them, and I've got some awfully good pals amongst them, too. Look!"

She turned with one of her rapid movements, caught up a photograph from the shelf and handed it to Esther.

"There! that's one of the nicest men I ever met in my life," she said, enthusiastically. "Don't you think he's got a ripping face?"

Esther took the portrait laughingly—she thought June Mason one of the most amusing people she had ever met—then she caught her breath on a little smothered exclamation as she found herself looking straight into the pictured eyes of Micky Mellowes.

There will be another fine instalment to-morrow.

Rob Scanlon, of America, who for two years had been serving in the French Army, signed articles yesterday afternoon to contest fifteen rounds against Sergeant Curzon (King's Royal Rifle) at the Ring on Monday afternoon, January 22.

There will be a boxing display at the North Camp, Aldershot, to-day, in which the chief contest will be between Private Joe Heathcote (Hull) and Gunner Hallaton, better known in boxing circles as Harry Davis. Both are good middleweights, and there is keen interest on the result in the camp.

STILL AT

7¹/₂ D.

NO HIGHER PRICE.

NO CHANGE IN OUR UNRIVALLED QUALITY.

If you can get your sugar otherwise, Come to us for

THE VERY BEST, BRITISH-MADE

MAYPOLE MARGARINE

Guaranteed absolutely pure and all made at our own Dairy

in Middlesex from choicest NUTS and MILK.

7¹/₂ A LB.

THE ONE PERFECT Substitute for Butter.

MAYPOLE DAIRY CO. LTD.

THE LARGEST RETAILERS.

889 Branches now open.

MANSION POLISH

A REAL ECONOMY

in the housekeeping expenses is effected by MANSION POLLY, the Busy Bee, as every lady who has enlisted her services can testify. Her wonderful wax preparation

MANSION POLISH

is so quick and clean in use that the work can be achieved in far less time, and with much better results. Not only does Mansion Polish impart a rich, lasting gloss to Furniture, Linoleum and Stained or Parquet Floors: it also preserves and renovates, and by acting as a food for Linoleum, greatly lengthens its wear.

In Tins, of all Dealers. Chiswick Polish Co., Ltd., Chiswick, W.



"The Strand" hold": By Mr. Bottomley, in the "Sunday Pictorial"

IN Berlin Last Week: By
a Returned Englishman,
in "Sunday Pictorial": : :

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

EXCLUSIVE Photographs
and Best Special Articles
in the "Sunday Pictorial": : :

MANY "STARS" IN FILM OF CHARLES READE'S "MASKS AND FACES."



The audience laughing and applauding in the theatre scene.

A number of the leading actors and actresses took part in the final scene of "Masks and Faces," which has just been filmed. Miss Irene Vanbrugh played Peg Woffington, and



Miss Irene Vanbrugh (curtseying) and Miss Lillah McCarthy.

Miss Lillah McCarthy Kitty Clive. Sir Forbes Robertson was also included in the cast. The film will be produced in London shortly.

TWO NEWS PORTRAITS.



Gladys Sole, aged 17, who is missing from her home in Britton. She is 5'4" in height and has brown eyes. Her father seeks news.



Sergt. Dick Burge, who for 23 months has entertained 1,200 wounded men a week at the Ring. He pays all expenses.

MATRON MENTIONED.



Acting-Matron M. E. Thomson, who has been mentioned three times in dispatches for her work in France and at Salonika. She has been awarded the Royal Red Cross (1st Class).

THE DEER COULD NOT MAKE IT OUT.



Corn was grown in Richmond Park during the Crimean war. This war it will be oats, a start being made yesterday in ploughing up 100 acres near Sheen Gate. This motor-plough will turn over about three and a half acres a day.

A V.C.'s WEDDING



Sergeant Spencer John Bent and his bride (Miss Alice H. Powell) at Plymouth. The bridegroom, who has been wounded three times, is wearing the V.C. and the St. George's Cross.